

REGENTS AND REMINISCENCES

Stories Eminently Worth Telling of Experiences and Adventures in the Great National Struggle.

SOME REMINISCENCES.

The 45th Wis. Experiences in Memphis. The Forrest Raid.

O. L. Lyon, M. D., Sabetha, Kan.

Dear old comrade of the 45th: Yours is the first name I have seen in print that used to answer to me in and about Memphis in those scorching summer days of '64. How the sun began to actually burn as soon as it got half way above the horizon, and got worse and worse until its smallest disc had disappeared below the western horizon! How the red dust floated up in thick clouds and spread over the camp beside the "auger row" just out of the city, as the cavalry and artillery horses were taken twice a day to the river to drink! How blessed it was to be sick in that camp and afterward in the convalescent camp left there when the rest of the regiment moved out on Wolf River to live on peaches! And later on, when the regiment was sent on a relief by going down to the depot of supplies and helping to load the wagons with hardtack for the regiment, what comfort there was (if a man doesn't care what he says) in being taken in an ambulance to Webster Hospital, and lying from Sunday afternoon until Tuesday afternoon without medical attention in agony which might have been relieved at once upon arrival at the hospital! What a story one could write of the hospital experience of even a week or two in that place with the old Spanish Surgeon in charge, who cared far more for a case from a scientific standpoint than for the alleviation of suffering by simple means. And so, because I rebelled at being kept upon bread and water, I was turned out before I was strong enough to walk more than a block at a time. But a good friend, Capt. C. P. Searles, of a company in the 8th Iowa, on provost duty, took me in and kept me till I was strong enough to go to my regiment, meanwhile writing to Capt. Crowder about me and my condition. Meanwhile I had the experience that you missed, that of seeing Forrest's cavalry come into Memphis in the gray dawn of a foggy August morning. Capt. Searles was boarding in the house where I was stopping, and his wife, with him, while the men were in the barracks diagonally across the street. When the second detachment had passed, supposing the first to be the last, he gave his purse and his watch to his wife and made his way to the street. Just in time to be captured by the third detachment. Being left under the care of a dragoon, he took chances when the soldier's head was turned for a moment, to make a break for the fence. He got over the first one all right, but in trying to scale a high board fence in the rear, the dragoon got him with a saber cut that split open his right ear and landed him on a log below, nearly breaking his back. He was taken to several miles with other prisoners, but was exchanged that night, and so escaped a term in a Southern prison pen, which was the fate of some of his relatives in his company. Nearly all the privates of his company were captured in their barracks. I shall never forget the scene of the capture of Memphis on that and several succeeding days. They would start at the sound of a wagon rattling over a bridge, sure that it was Forrest's, and then how quickly one could tell friend from foe that morning, big with fat! Rebel flags that had been very carefully kept in hiding floated flauntingly upon the breezes, and the food was out for Forrest's men, brought out and urged upon them by fair women—men were very scarce. Soon after went to the regiment on Wolf River, in time to help dispose of the peaches that came in by the wagon load. But it was almost time for us to go home, and I was very glad to have a Sumner with little in it for me but suffering of the keenest kind, with nothing of glory and little of pleasure to offset it.

I enlisted from Denmark, Iowa, with several others. We had all expected to go together into the same company, but a difference of opinion arising at the last moment, divided us and the others, together with my youngest brother, who came over from Illinois, went into Co. E. There are many incidents of that Sumner campaign that come back to me as I think over again the days so long past. One of our Denmark boys fell off the lower deck of the steamer on the way to St. Louis, and had it not been for the quickness and strength of one of his mates, he would not have answered to another earthly roll of drum until he was picked up by the lower Mississippi boat, the Von Phul, that got stuck on a sand bar and stayed there for some days while the regiment was landed on Duval's Island? It was while there that I was stationed as guard over some provisions on a transport. Of course I was obliged to test the quality of the goods, and I can still recall how good the pickled cabbage and sugar and crackers (not hardtack, but real crackers) tasted. And then again on the levee at Memphis after we had turned over our accoutrements and were waiting for a boat to take us up the river, and the commissary arrangements did not seem to arrange, and we had no supper and no breakfast until 11 o'clock in the forenoon. What a feast I had on just one lone hardtack and a large cucumber pickle! I think that, even to-day, that stands out as the most completely satisfactory meal of my life.—Henry A. Field, Grinnell, Iowa.

THE FIRST GUN AT FORT SUMTER.

The Soldier Who Fired It Still Living at Erie, Pa.

Editor National Tribune: James Gibbons was born at Roundstone, Galway, Ireland, on the West coast, January 1833. He emigrated to America, landing at Quebec, Canada, in October, 1851, alone, being a little over 18 years old. Like most Irishmen, he disliked the British flag, and longed to be under the folds of the Stars and Stripes, the flag of the free. Gibbons soon found his way to Rochester, N. Y., and on Nov. 15, 1851, he enlisted in the U. S. Army and was sent to New York City. Early in the Spring of 1852 Gibbons was one of 500 recruits sent by way of the Isthmus to reinforce the cavalry, artillery and infantry serving in California. He was assigned to Captain Magruder, Co. I, U. S. Art., at San Diego, Cal., where he served two years, most of the time at outposts.

Early in the Spring of 1854 Gibbons was one of over 100 cavalry, artillery and infantry soldiers under First Lieut. Stoneman and a corps of U. S. Engineers who came east across the trackless desert to San Antonio, Tex. They came over nearly the same route where the Southern Pacific Railroad now

runs. The detachment was all mounted on mules. They encountered untold hardships and privations on account of scarcity of water, grass and fuel on the barren, sandy plains. Part of the time they had only buffalo chips to cook their coffee and scanty rations with. Dry buffalo chips were used as fuel by soldiers, trappers and pioneers on the plains in an early day. None but those who have crossed those barren plains can tell or imagine the horrors of a trip. The hot, scalding sun, reflected by the hot sand, only a little relief by dust and sand storms, not even an island grove for shelter for days at a time. They were beset by Indians, Mexican ponies, wild, ferocious beasts, buffalo gnats, creeping, crawling reptiles and insects. Gibbons says: "Our tongues were swollen, dry and parched, also our faces, hands and feet. Most of the soldiers' time was out, and they were discharged at San Antonio, Tex. Lieut. Stoneman went to Washington, D. C., and during the war of 1861 to 1862, he became a noted cavalry General."

Gibbons was assigned for duty with Capt. Richards, Co. C, 1st U. S. Art., at Ringgold Barracks and at Fort Clark, Tex. His time of enlistment expired Nov. 15, 1856, and he lived for a time at Cincinnati, Ohio, and New Orleans, La. His old Co. I, under Capt. Magruder (late Chief of the General and Adjutant East across the plains, and Gibbons enlisted in his old company, five-year enlistment, was transferred to New York City, where he lived for a time at Doubleday, in June, 1860, at Fort Moultrie, Charleston Harbor, S. C. When Maj. Anderson evacuated Fort Moultrie, he took with him the colors of the 1st U. S. Art., and occupied Fort Sumter, the post flag and other emblems were put in a barrel and Private Gibbons was detailed to guard the barrel and contents in transit.

Gibbons took a very active part in helping strengthen and in defending both Forts Moultrie and Sumter. He tells of many anecdotes and incidents of bravery by the women, officers and soldiers at both forts. At Fort Moultrie, when both Capt. Doubleday and Seymour were under constant work by day and marching on the ramparts at night, Mrs. Doubleday and Mrs. Seymour stood watch, relieving each other two hours while their husbands slept.

When Maj. Anderson allowed his officers to return the enemy's flag at 7:20 a. m., April 12, 1861, Capt. Doubleday told me that he had been a Sumner with little in it for me but suffering of the keenest kind, with nothing of glory and little of pleasure to offset it. I enlisted from Denmark, Iowa, with several others. We had all expected to go together into the same company, but a difference of opinion arising at the last moment, divided us and the others, together with my youngest brother, who came over from Illinois, went into Co. E. There are many incidents of that Sumner campaign that come back to me as I think over again the days so long past. One of our Denmark boys fell off the lower deck of the steamer on the way to St. Louis, and had it not been for the quickness and strength of one of his mates, he would not have answered to another earthly roll of drum until he was picked up by the lower Mississippi boat, the Von Phul, that got stuck on a sand bar and stayed there for some days while the regiment was landed on Duval's Island? It was while there that I was stationed as guard over some provisions on a transport. Of course I was obliged to test the quality of the goods, and I can still recall how good the pickled cabbage and sugar and crackers (not hardtack, but real crackers) tasted. And then again on the levee at Memphis after we had turned over our accoutrements and were waiting for a boat to take us up the river, and the commissary arrangements did not seem to arrange, and we had no supper and no breakfast until 11 o'clock in the forenoon. What a feast I had on just one lone hardtack and a large cucumber pickle! I think that, even to-day, that stands out as the most completely satisfactory meal of my life.—Henry A. Field, Grinnell, Iowa.

In an article on Fort Sumter in the Philadelphia Independent Gazette of

Drunkards Cured Secretly

Any Lady Can Do It at Home—Costs Nothing to Try.

Worship the False God, Whiskey—Wile to Tears—Children Neglected—Home Forfeited—Life a Lingering Death—And Drink Did It All! The Drunkard Cannot Save Himself—You Cannot! Be It For Him.

A new tasteless and odorless discovery which can be given secretly in tea, coffee or food. Heartily endorsed by temperance workers. It does its work so silently that the drunkard will not know he is taking it. It will be given to wife, sister or daughter, looks on the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge.

FREE PACKAGE COUPON. If you fill out the blank lines below with your name and address, cut out coupon and send it to me, I will send you absolutely free, by mail in plain wrapper, a trial package of my Golden Remedy. You will be thankful as long as you live that you did it. Address Dr. J. W. Malone, 515 Glen Ridge, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Sent on Trial

I have invented a rupture appliance that I can safely use by 30 years experience in the rupture business, is the only



C. E. Brooks, the Inventor.

one that will absolutely hold the rupture and repair the same. It is a light, comfortable, conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting, and costs only 25 cents. I wish to see you. I have the most perfect of my kind. There are no springs or hard, lumpy pads, and yet it holds the rupture safely and holds it in the end of five days. I have put the price so low that any person, rich or poor, can buy, and I will refund your money without question.

C. E. Brooks, 415 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

April 15, 1904, by Charles S. Bringham, Jr., of the 1st U. S. Art., at Fort Sumter was by James Gibbons, of our company. I also read a letter from Bringham to Gibbons, written in 1864, in which he says: "Yes, James, I was the first shot of the war out of Fort Sumter." Later, Bringham was Orderly Sergeant of the company and served in the war of 1861. Bringham and his wife, William Wiltman were living at Germantown, Philadelphia, in 1904.

After the surrender of Fort Sumter the 1st U. S. Art. was ordered to recruit its company, Capt. Doubleday served with it in the lower Shenandoah Valley. After the first Bull Run, the battery was ordered to recruit its company, Capt. Doubleday served with it in the lower Shenandoah Valley. After the first Bull Run, the battery was ordered to recruit its company, Capt. Doubleday served with it in the lower Shenandoah Valley.

Gibbons was taken sick at Washington early in 1862, and sent to hospital, transferred to Philadelphia. After the war, Gibbons was living at Germantown, Philadelphia, in 1904.

For many years he was foreman of the Anchor Line and Northwest Transit Company's coal docks, and looked after the business of the company. For some years Gibbons has made a living by renting vacant lots and raising garden truck. He has been a good old fellow to do hard work and lives off a small pension.

"Headquarters, Military Defenses Washington, D. C., Mar. 31, 1862."

"Private James Gibbons, Co. E, 1st U. S. Art., has been in the United States service for many years. He has crossed the Continent overland, and has undergone great hardships and dangers among the Indian tribes in the far West and in Texas."

"He was one of the most loyal, efficient, gallant and zealous defenders of the flag at Fort Moultrie and Sumter. He has always been a good soldier, and I cheerfully recommend him to the good offices of those who value courage, patriotism and devotion to duty."

—Harry W. Lewis, First Sergeant, 6th U. S. Cav., Erie, Pa.

THE 1ST AND 24 N. C.

Loyal and Brave Soldiers for the Union.

Editor National Tribune: As there has never been any publication of the organization of the 1st and 24 N. C. Vols., therefore I thought, after the lapse of 43 years, I would make mention of the two old North Carolina regiments. The 1st N. C. was organized in 1862 with 11 companies. One company of cavalry was enlisted to associate with the infantry, and they did remarkably good service, and never flinched from their duty. They enlisted with the full understanding: "Three years, or during war to defend and protect the Union and the Constitution and the flag of the United States Government." They with the remainder of North Carolina voted to stay in the Union, under the administration of the beloved Abraham Lincoln, and when the call was made for 75,000 troops, the rebels made a rush from the farther Southern States into North Carolina, and then supported the rebellion of North Carolina to stay away the old North State to the rebel Government against the Union majority. These regiments were the only loyal army of North Carolina in the North State. The two Union regiments were commanded by Col. Potter and Col. James McChesney, and were stationed at Plymouth, N. C., Washington, N. C., New Bern, N. C., and Beaufort, N. C. They were brave and good fighting soldiers and officers. Lieut. Silas A. Carpenter, Co. A, 1st N. C. Vols., was a dispatch carrier from Maj.-Gen. Peck's headquarters at New Bern, N. C., to Maj.-Gen. Monroe, which was a dangerous service for him to have rendered. Lieut. Elijah A. Smith was a Chief of Scouts, and was assigned to Maj.-Gen. B. F. Butler's headquarters at Fort Fisher in July, 1864, and remained at Fort Fisher until the 24th of March, 1865, when he was discharged. Maj. Butler resigned Lieut. Smith was assigned to Maj.-Gen. Terry, and was his guard in the second battle of Fort Fisher in January, 1865, and remained with Gen. Terry and Gen. Joseph R. Hawley, and was with them until April, 1865, and was honorably mustered out of the U. S. Army in May, 1865.

The first and second regiments did much hard service at times in both battle and as pilots in the different sections of North Carolina, and received much abuse from the rebels, but nevertheless they were brave enough to stand face to face to the rebels, and very often got the worst of the war. The first and second regiments did much hard service at times in both battle and as pilots in the different sections of North Carolina, and received much abuse from the rebels, but nevertheless they were brave enough to stand face to face to the rebels, and very often got the worst of the war.

Welles commanded Co. F, 2d N. C., and was in the battle of Beach Grove, near Mississippi River, and the rebels captured 13 of his soldiers and hung them. Capt. Butler was a little drummer boy by the name of John Gatlin, one soldier by the name of Stokes. While standing on the gallows

he asked permission to make a few remarks, which was granted. He stated to the rebel Gen. Pickett, in front of his army that the day was not far distant when he and his host would go down, down to come up no more, and not be allowed to repent of their misdeeds on earth.

Capt. Haggard, of Co. E, 2d N. C. Vols., commanded his company at the fall of Plymouth, N. C. At 60 minutes' notice from Gen. Welles he formed his men in a charge against three rebel lines, and cut his way thru their ranks and saved his men.

Col. Potter, of the 1st N. C., commanded at the battle of Washington, N. C. His army consisted of four North Carolina companies and two companies of Massachusetts artillery, while the rebels had one regiment of Alabama troops and one North Carolina rebel regiment. Col. Potter got the better of them and drove them a mile out of town, shooting them in the back all the while. The battle of Newport was commanded by Col. Ripley, of the 18th N. Y., and Col. Ripley, of the 9th Vt., but were repulsed after an engagement of about six hours, and if they had not fallen back, as they did, they would have been captured. They were commanded by the rebel Gen. Martin, who was wounded afterwards in the battle of Fort Fisher and died. J. R. Smith, Lieutenant, 1st N. C.

Gen. Twigg's Command. Editor National Tribune: The opening chapter of the Bull Run Campaign is true as to events transpiring at that period of time, but as a matter of history, to make one correction, where you state that Gen. A. E. Twigg surrendered one-half of his command and about 2,000,000 worth of property. The amount of property may be correct, but as to the army, not one enlisted man joined the Confederate army, although great inducement was offered them to do so.

I know this, as I was then a member of Co. X, 1st U. S. Art., company commanded by Capt. E. S. Granger, and would not have joined the Confederate army. We were stationed at Fort Lancaster, and were relieved by the Texas Rangers. We marched to one corner of the city, and a captured officer at Matagorda Bay, April 25, 1861, by Maj. Van Dorn.

We were paroled, and our parole read that we were to be allowed to go to our homes and occupy our post or garrison of the United States until released by President Jefferson Davis.

I never heard of us being released, so that I consider myself yet a prisoner of war on parole. The rank and file that composed the Army of the old, old Frontier at that date were true loyal soldiers, and I am sure that President Lincoln so expressed it in General Orders thanking the enlisted men and officers who stood loyal. This was the first time that the fighting regiments mentioned; usually such orders read officers and men.—Peter Dally, 577 Livingston Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

"LAND OF THE FLATHEADS." Soldiers May Secure Farms in this Indian Reservation.

Mr. David T. Keating, registration agent and attorney-at-law for soldiers at Government land openings, expects an early announcement of the Flathead Indian Reservation land openings. The plan, which will distribute 5,000 160-acre farms.

The Flathead country, on the Pacific Slope region of western Montana, near the Washington State line, is regarded as one of the richest of the few remaining Indian reservations to be given to the public.

The statutes, honorably discharged soldiers of the civil, Spanish and Philippine wars and widows of such soldiers and sailors have the privilege of filing up for the Flathead land openings. An agent to act for them. This privilege is extended to widows by the Government at the land drawings, where they are permitted to register for the drawing by means of an agent.

Mr. Keating will be able to secure a limited number of agents to register soldiers and sailors for the Flathead land openings. He is now receiving applications by mail at his office in the Board of Trade Building, Columbus, Ohio.

CATARH

SUFFERERS Have You Tried The Co-ro-na Mediator.

I will cheerfully and willingly Send a Full Treatment to You, Prepaid. Absolutely FREE for FIVE DAYS TRIAL.

I offer what is really a GOD-SEND to sufferers from Catarrh, Head, Bronchial and Throat troubles. A new and wonderful medical discovery that cures by striking right at the root and cause of the disease—KILLING THE GERMS. A quick relief for you in what is a bad shape you are. Now we do not ask you to take our word nor that of the cured hundreds. Instead, want you to try this treatment, entirely at our personal risk, at our expense. Just say the word and I will send that treatment to you without pay or promise on your part. I will guarantee you five days' treatment you do not feel like a new being, if you do not answer this advertisement, simply return the treatment to me. You are nothing out. Isn't that a fair and honorable offer?

MY SPECIAL OFFER For a short time, if you will write me even a postcard, mentioning this paper, I will send you, prepaid, my new Co-ro-na Mediator charged, with medicine and complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction after five days' trial, and you are pleased with the result, send me \$1. If you are not satisfied, mail me back the treatment (costs only 2 cents postage), and you still have your money. I deal fairly with everyone, and would no one's money unless benefited. WRITE THIS VERY DAY. Address:

E. J. Worst, 4 Elmore Block, Ashland, Ohio.

The 9th N. Y. Cav. Editor National Tribune: The National Tribune is always a welcome guest in our home. I do not understand how any comrade can afford to get along without the weekly visit of the best and only publication in America devoted to the interests of the old veterans of '61-'65. I say old veterans, for none of us first met the Tribune when we were in the columns of The National Tribune letters from our comrades giving their experiences of some of their soldier days it makes the blood tingle in our veins almost as it did 43 years ago, as it brings to mind some of the experiences we passed thru and can almost see ourselves again in the hours of victory or defeat. And now as these bodies are trying to move about on tottering limbs, admonishing of what soon must be, our spirits take new fire at reading the recital of reminiscences of the boys who have been there, as related in the best of papers, The National Tribune, the soldiers' friend. I often have wondered why the 9th N. Y. Cav. should not be closed, and now the fighting regiments, for certainly the last three years of the war the 9th N. Y. Cav. was always on the fighting line from Second Bull Run to Appomattox. For hero and deeds and personal daring of officers and men I do not believe there was a regiment that could surpass the 9th N. Y. Cav., and could they all be written without a romance, and I wondered while reading some of the brilliant exploits of many of the other regiments that nothing was heard from any of the members as we used to be termed in time of war) of the bloody 9th. From one who has been there—James B. Paige, 9th N. Y. Cav., Willink, Erie Co., N. Y.

Joseph B. Bray, Orange, N. J., hopes that in the history of the Army of the Potomac, now running in The National Tribune, that the U. S. Regulars will at last get proper mention and recognition. As they did not belong to any particular State, their reports were sent to headquarters, and filed away in musty pigeon-holes, never to be heard of again. He served in Batteries B and L, 2d U. S. Art. Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac (Robertson's Horse Battery).

The Neglected Regulars. Editor National Tribune: The National Tribune is always a welcome guest in our home. I do not understand how any comrade can afford to get along without the weekly visit of the best and only publication in America devoted to the interests of the old veterans of '61-'65. I say old veterans, for none of us first met the Tribune when we were in the columns of The National Tribune letters from our comrades giving their experiences of some of their soldier days it makes the blood tingle in our veins almost as it did 43 years ago, as it brings to mind some of the experiences we passed thru and can almost see ourselves again in the hours of victory or defeat. And now as these bodies are trying to move about on tottering limbs, admonishing of what soon must be, our spirits take new fire at reading the recital of reminiscences of the boys who have been there, as related in the best of papers, The National Tribune, the soldiers' friend. I often have wondered why the 9th N. Y. Cav. should not be closed, and now the fighting regiments, for certainly the last three years of the war the 9th N. Y. Cav. was always on the fighting line from Second Bull Run to Appomattox. For hero and deeds and personal daring of officers and men I do not believe there was a regiment that could surpass the 9th N. Y. Cav., and could they all be written without a romance, and I wondered while reading some of the brilliant exploits of many of the other regiments that nothing was heard from any of the members as we used to be termed in time of war) of the bloody 9th. From one who has been there—James B. Paige, 9th N. Y. Cav., Willink, Erie Co., N. Y.

Joseph B. Bray, Orange, N. J., hopes that in the history of the Army of the Potomac, now running in The National Tribune, that the U. S. Regulars will at last get proper mention and recognition. As they did not belong to any particular State, their reports were sent to headquarters, and filed away in musty pigeon-holes, never to be heard of again. He served in Batteries B and L, 2d U. S. Art. Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac (Robertson's Horse Battery).

The Neglected Regulars. Editor National Tribune: The National Tribune is always a welcome guest in our home. I do not understand how any comrade can afford to get along without the weekly visit of the best and only publication in America devoted to the interests of the old veterans of '61-'65. I say old veterans, for none of us first met the Tribune when we were in the columns of The National Tribune letters from our comrades giving their experiences of some of their soldier days it makes the blood tingle in our veins almost as it did 43 years ago, as it brings to mind some of the experiences we passed thru and can almost see ourselves again in the hours of victory or defeat. And now as these bodies are trying to move about on tottering limbs, admonishing of what soon must be, our spirits take new fire at reading the recital of reminiscences of the boys who have been there, as related in the best of papers, The National Tribune, the soldiers' friend. I often have wondered why the 9th N. Y. Cav. should not be closed, and now the fighting regiments, for certainly the last three years of the war the 9th N. Y. Cav. was always on the fighting line from Second Bull Run to Appomattox. For hero and deeds and personal daring of officers and men I do not believe there was a regiment that could surpass the 9th N. Y. Cav., and could they all be written without a romance, and I wondered while reading some of the brilliant exploits of many of the other regiments that nothing was heard from any of the members as we used to be termed in time of war) of the bloody 9th. From one who has been there—James B. Paige, 9th N. Y. Cav., Willink, Erie Co., N. Y.

Joseph B. Bray, Orange, N. J., hopes that in the history of the Army of the Potomac, now running in The National Tribune, that the U. S. Regulars will at last get proper mention and recognition. As they did not belong to any particular State, their reports were sent to headquarters, and filed away in musty pigeon-holes, never to be heard of again. He served in Batteries B and L, 2d U. S. Art. Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac (Robertson's Horse Battery).

The Neglected Regulars. Editor National Tribune: The National Tribune is always a welcome guest in our home. I do not understand how any comrade can afford to get along without the weekly visit of the best and only publication in America devoted to the interests of the old veterans of '61-'65. I say old veterans, for none of us first met the Tribune when we were in the columns of The National Tribune letters from our comrades giving their experiences of some of their soldier days it makes the blood tingle in our veins almost as it did 43 years ago, as it brings to mind some of the experiences we passed thru and can almost see ourselves again in the hours of victory or defeat. And now as these bodies are trying to move about on tottering limbs, admonishing of what soon must be, our spirits take new fire at reading the recital of reminiscences of the boys who have been there, as related in the best of papers, The National Tribune, the soldiers' friend. I often have wondered why the 9th N. Y. Cav. should not be closed, and now the fighting regiments, for certainly the last three years of the war the 9th N. Y. Cav. was always on the fighting line from Second Bull Run to Appomattox. For hero and deeds and personal daring of officers and men I do not believe there was a regiment that could surpass the 9th N. Y. Cav., and could they all be written without a romance, and I wondered while reading some of the brilliant exploits of many of the other regiments that nothing was heard from any of the members as we used to be termed in time of war) of the bloody 9th. From one who has been there—James B. Paige, 9th N. Y. Cav., Willink, Erie Co., N. Y.

Joseph B. Bray, Orange, N. J., hopes that in the history of the Army of the Potomac, now running in The National Tribune, that the U. S. Regulars will at last get proper mention and recognition. As they did not belong to any particular State, their reports were sent to headquarters, and filed away in musty pigeon-holes, never to be heard of again. He served in Batteries B and L, 2d U. S. Art. Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac (Robertson's Horse Battery).

The Neglected Regulars. Editor National Tribune: The National Tribune is always a welcome guest in our home. I do not understand how any comrade can afford to get along without the weekly visit of the best and only publication in America devoted to the interests of the old veterans of '61-'65. I say old veterans, for none of us first met the Tribune when we were in the columns of The National Tribune letters from our comrades giving their experiences of some of their soldier days it makes the blood tingle in our veins almost as it did 43 years ago, as it brings to mind some of the experiences we passed thru and can almost see ourselves again in the hours of victory or defeat. And now as these bodies are trying to move about on tottering limbs, admonishing of what soon must be, our spirits take new fire at reading the recital of reminiscences of the boys who have been there, as related in the best of papers, The National Tribune, the soldiers' friend. I often have wondered why the 9th N. Y. Cav. should not be closed, and now the fighting regiments, for certainly the last three years of the war the 9th N. Y. Cav. was always on the fighting line from Second Bull Run to Appomattox. For hero and deeds and personal daring of officers and men I do not believe there was a regiment that could surpass the 9th N. Y. Cav., and could they all be written without a romance, and I wondered while reading some of the brilliant exploits of many of the other regiments that nothing was heard from any of the members as we used to be termed in time of war) of the bloody 9th. From one who has been there—James B. Paige, 9th N. Y. Cav., Willink, Erie Co., N. Y.

Joseph B. Bray, Orange, N. J., hopes that in the history of the Army of the Potomac, now running in The National Tribune, that the U. S. Regulars will at last get proper mention and recognition. As they did not belong to any particular State, their reports were sent to headquarters, and filed away in musty pigeon-holes, never to be heard of again. He served in Batteries B and L, 2d U. S. Art. Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac (Robertson's Horse Battery).

The Neglected Regulars. Editor National Tribune: The National Tribune is always a welcome guest in our home. I do not understand how any comrade can afford to get along without the weekly visit of the best and only publication in America devoted to the interests of the old veterans of '61-'65. I say old veterans, for none of us first met the Tribune when we were in the columns of The National Tribune letters from our comrades giving their experiences of some of their soldier days it makes the blood tingle in our veins almost as it did 43 years ago, as it brings to mind some of the experiences we passed thru and can almost see ourselves again in the hours of victory or defeat. And now as these bodies are trying to move about on tottering limbs, admonishing of what soon must be, our spirits take new fire at reading the recital of reminiscences of the boys who have been there, as related in the best of papers, The National Tribune, the soldiers' friend. I often have wondered why the 9th N. Y. Cav. should not be closed, and now the fighting regiments, for certainly the last three years of the war the 9th N. Y. Cav. was always on the fighting line from Second Bull Run to Appomattox. For hero and deeds and personal daring of officers and men I do not believe there was a regiment that could surpass the 9th N. Y. Cav., and could they all be written without a romance, and I wondered while reading some of the brilliant exploits of many of the other regiments that nothing was heard from any of the members as we used to be termed in time of war) of the bloody 9th. From one who has been there—James B. Paige, 9th N. Y. Cav., Willink, Erie Co., N. Y.

Joseph B. Bray, Orange, N. J., hopes that in the history of the Army of the Potomac, now running in The National Tribune, that the U. S. Regulars will at last get proper mention and recognition. As they did not belong to any particular State, their reports were sent to headquarters, and filed away in musty pigeon-holes, never to be heard of again. He served in Batteries B and L, 2d U. S. Art. Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac (Robertson's Horse Battery).

The Neglected Regulars. Editor National Tribune: The National Tribune is always a welcome guest in our home. I do not understand how any comrade can afford to get along without the weekly visit of the best and only publication in America devoted to the interests of the old veterans of '61-'65. I say old veterans, for none of us first met the Tribune when we were in the columns of The National Tribune letters from our comrades giving their experiences of some of their soldier days it makes the blood tingle in our veins almost as it did 43 years ago, as it brings to mind some of the experiences we passed thru and can almost see ourselves again in the hours of victory or defeat. And now as these bodies are trying to move about on tottering limbs, admonishing of what soon must be, our spirits take new fire at reading the recital of reminiscences of the boys who have been there, as related in the best of papers, The National Tribune, the soldiers' friend. I often have wondered why the 9th N. Y. Cav. should not be closed, and now the fighting regiments, for certainly the last three years of the war the 9th N. Y. Cav. was always on the fighting line from Second Bull Run to Appomattox. For hero and deeds and personal daring of officers and men I do not believe there was a regiment that could surpass the 9th N. Y. Cav., and could they all be written without a romance, and I wondered while reading some of the brilliant exploits of many of the other regiments that nothing was heard from any of the members as we used to be termed in time of war) of the bloody 9th. From one who has been there—James B. Paige, 9th N. Y. Cav., Willink, Erie Co., N. Y.

Joseph B. Bray, Orange, N. J., hopes that in the history of the Army of the Potomac, now running in The National Tribune, that the U. S. Regulars will at last get proper mention and recognition. As they did not belong to any particular State, their reports were sent to headquarters, and filed away in musty pigeon-holes, never to be heard of again. He served in Batteries B and L, 2d U. S. Art. Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac (Robertson's Horse Battery).

The Neglected Regulars. Editor National Tribune: The National Tribune is always a welcome guest in our home. I do not understand how any comrade can afford to get along without the weekly visit of the best and only publication in America devoted to the interests of the old veterans of '61-'65. I say old veterans, for none of us first met the Tribune when we were in the columns of The National Tribune letters from our comrades giving their experiences of some of their soldier days it makes the blood tingle in our veins almost as it did 43 years ago, as it brings to mind some of the experiences we passed thru and can almost see ourselves again in the hours of victory or defeat. And now as these bodies are trying to move about on tottering limbs, admonishing of what soon must be, our spirits take new fire at reading the recital of reminiscences of the boys who have been there, as related in the best of papers, The National Tribune, the soldiers' friend. I often have wondered why the 9th N. Y. Cav. should not be closed, and now the fighting regiments, for certainly the last three years of the war the 9th N. Y. Cav. was always on the fighting line from Second Bull Run to Appomattox. For hero and deeds and personal daring of officers and men I do not believe there was a regiment that could surpass the 9th N. Y. Cav., and could they all be written without a romance, and I wondered while reading some of the brilliant exploits of many of the other regiments that nothing was heard from any of the members as we used to be termed in time of war) of the bloody 9th. From one who has been there—James B. Paige, 9th N. Y. Cav., Willink, Erie Co., N. Y.

Joseph B. Bray, Orange, N. J., hopes that in the history of the Army of the Potomac, now running in The National Tribune, that the U. S. Regulars will at last get proper mention and recognition. As they did not belong to any particular State, their reports were sent to headquarters, and filed away in musty pigeon-holes, never to be heard of again. He served in Batteries B and L, 2d U. S. Art. Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac (Robertson's Horse Battery).

The Neglected Regulars. Editor National Tribune: The National Tribune is always a welcome guest in our home. I do not understand how any comrade can afford to get along without the weekly visit of the best and only publication in America devoted to the interests of the old veterans of '61-'65. I say old veterans, for none of us first met the Tribune when we were in the columns of The National Tribune letters from our comrades giving their experiences of some of their soldier days it makes the blood tingle in our veins almost as it did 43 years ago, as it brings to mind some of the experiences we passed thru and can almost see ourselves again in the hours of victory or defeat. And now as these bodies are trying to move about on tottering limbs, admonishing of what soon must be, our spirits take new fire at reading the recital of reminiscences of the boys who have been there, as related in the best of papers, The National Tribune, the soldiers' friend. I often have wondered